## LENT JAY GOULD A FIVER.

UNCLE LEW SIMONS OF PENNSYLVANIA. The Lively Tannery Business which Mr.
Gould Conducted in the Fifties-Uncle
Lew's Account of it—The Fiver Still Owing

GOULDSBORO STATION, Pa., Oct. 1 .- It is not often that a stranger visits this place. When one does he finds a big brick railroad station, an antiquated hotel, a few scattering houses, and an apparently boundless expans woods and hills on every side. A strip of sand haif a foot deep divides the station from the hotel. Lumber and bark are piled along the railroad track. A mule team is generally dozing at the hitching post in front of the hotel, while the teamster tarries long at the beer glass within.

Finding myself at Gouldsboro Station, and being a stranger. I sought for information.
"What county is this place in?" I asked of a came wading through the sand and drew him-

self out safely on the hotel stoop.
"That's owin' a lestie to whar ye stand," said he. "If ye stick to the spot yer on now ye'll live an' die in Wayne county. If ye



should follow up the avynoo to yer left yender. ye wouldn't go many rod 'fore ye'd be walkin' over the coal veins o' Luzerne county. Then, agin, if ye should step straight ahead here apiece, the first thing ye know'd ye'd meet some feller who'd offer ye ten shillin' to vote ur a friend o' his'n fur sumpin' or other, an' then ye may be sure ye would be trespassin' onter Lackawanny county. If ye should take it inter yor head to take a leetle jant over t'ords them frownin' forests yender to the right look out fur verself, for them's the Pike county b'ar an' wildcat kentry, an' bar an' wildcats is jist more'n whoopin' it up this year. Then, agin-dod durn that or nary dog !" A lop-eared, yellow hound crept by the hotel

at that moment with his tall between his legs The hound was evidently the citizen's property The citizen jumped for a stone. The dog



turned the hotel corner and went down the road like a streak. The stone overtook him. There was an unearthly yell, and the dog dis-

There was an unearthly yell, and the dog disappeared in a cloud of sand.

"Then, agin." the citizen resumed. "the lay
o' this kentry is sich th't if that air stun I jis
chucked had a missed the dog it'd adropped
kerplunk inter the hemlock woods o' M'roe
county jist er easy er pitchin quates. I reckin
th' haint a place in the State that's got more
s'roundin's th'n Goul'sboro has. Yo've heerd
o' Jay Goul', havit yer? Wall, he's the chap

s'roundin's th'n Goul'sboro has. Yo'we heard o' Jay Goul', havn't yer? Wall, he's the chap ez named this station, 'cause he usety live back here in the woods an' run a tan'ry; an' here's Uncle Lew Simons, ez is the only ginlwine man that lent Jay Goul' five dollars to git out o' town with w'en he busted up here. Ye'li find plenty of 'em here ez says that they staked Goul', but Uncle Lew is the only genlwine man that perjuced the shekels that took Goul' out o' this town, an' we'll war'nt him."

"Yes, sir," said Uncle Lew Simons, a jolly, big-whiskered old resident. "I loaned Jay Gould five dollars when he left this place twenty-six years ago, and that's a fact. You know that one day in 1853 or '54, old Zadock Pratt of Greene county, N. Y., found Jay Gould in the wilds of Ulster county surveying for a map. Pratt took a liking to Gould, who was then a youngster. Gould was sitting on the wheelbarrow arrangement that he surveyed with.

"How would you like to go into the tannery business? 'said Pratt to him.

"Now, this is just what Jay Gould told me more than thirty years ago: 'How would you like to go into the tannery business?' Bratt as just what Jay Gould replied. You see he knew who Pratt was. Well, sir. Pratt says to him:

"There's a big chance over in Pennsylvania.

like to go into the tannery business? Pratt said to him.

"I guess I'd like it first rate,' Gould replied. You see he knew who Pratt was. Well, sir, Pratt says to him:

"There's a big chance over in Pennsylvania. Go there, and look the country over.'

"We were just building this Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad then. Our headquarters were at Tobyhamna, up yonder on the mountain, in Morroe county. One day a black-whiskered, snappy little man came to Tobyhanna. He said he wanted to buy all the hemlock woods there was in the neighborhood. The Tobyhanna Lumber Company owned all the country round there then, and the little black-whiskered man couldn't make a deal with 'em. So he went eleven miles further into the wilderness, over in Luzerne county, and got control of all the bark land he wanted through the Drinker family. The little black-whiskered man was Jay Gould. He took sixty woodsmen, and led the way himself into the wilderness to commence business. He cut down the first tree on the tract himself. He had it sawed up on a portable saw mill they took into the woods with 'em, and the next day it was standing near by its stump in the shape of a blacksmith shop. Gould site and slopt and worked in that shop until his men had got together one of the biggest tannery buildings there was in the country at that time, and the firm of Pratt & Gould commenced business with a capital of \$120,000, all put in by Zadock Pratt. The tannery settlement got to be a thriving place. Pratt & Gould built a plank road from this station here to the tannery, and after a year or two Tratt found out that he couldn't tell head nor tall to the business. They were doing a rushing business, but he wasn't getting any return. Once when he came over he found that Jay Gould had the whole run of things over at the Gouldsboro tannery, and after a year or two Tratt found out that he couldn't tell head nor tall to the business. They find the straightened out.

"Well, sir, Jay Gould head the whole run of things in the tannery and pressent the same more

I'll shut the thing down tighter than a frozen mili pond!"

"But, great heavens. Colonel, asys Gould—now this is straight, for I got it from first hands—'Great heavens!' says Gould. 'If you shut the tannery down you simply ruin me. It's all I've got in the world!

"Can't help it, says Pratt. It's either a close down or buy or sell. Which will you do?"

"This was the point Gould was waiting for."

"I'm not able to buy, said he, if I have to pay cash. How would C. M. Leupp's paper suit?"

"Fratt knew that C. M. Leupp's paper was as good as wheal, and he said it would suit him.

"That will you give or take? said Gould.

Mind you. Pratt had put \$120.000 in the concern, and his money had been paying all the expenses, while Gould hadn't invested a cent.

"Sixty thousand dollars, said Pratt.

"Fill take it, said Gould, and he turned over to Pratt C. M. Leupp's paper which had been given him for an interest in the tannery, and he obtained control of the property without having invested an actual dollar. The firm name was changed from Pratt & Gould to Jay Gould, and Leupp's house in New York became C. M. Leupp & Co., Jay Gould being the company.

"Well, sir, Gould had full swing at the tannery again, and in his turn Leupp became mystified and puzzled over the books and affairs of the firm. Leupp keep putting money in the concern, and in 1838, after an attempt to unravel the mysteries of Gould's management, which he believed resulted in showing him that he was ruined, he went into his office in New York and shot himself dead.

"Leupp's heirs were all daughters, and they wanted their property all in money. Gould, therefore, offered to buy their interest in the Gouldsbore tannery. They agreed to take \$60,000, the amount C. M. Leupp had originally invested. Gould said he would pay them \$60,000 provided they would accept \$10,000 in cash and \$10,000 a year for five years. They agreed to take \$60,000 he amount C. M. Leupp had originally invested. Gould said he would pay them \$60,000 provided they would accept \$10,000 in cash and \$10,000 a year for five years. They agreed to this. Gould had the contract drawn up. Gould's right-hand man and foreman in the tannery was a shrewd and gritty fellow named Al Dubois. Gould and Dubois went to New York to have the contract of the Leupps and a lawyer, looked at the papers, and if you will believe it, sir, he discovered that Jay Gould had said nothing in his contract anout paying any interest on the installments of \$10,000 a year he was a pay for five years! Everett at once advised D. W. Lee, a relative of \$10,000 a year hew as to pay for five years! Everett at once advised D. W. Lee, a relative and ag



JAY GOULD'S SPEECH.

Pratt and Gould built the house, and them shin-

Pratt and Gould built the house, and them shingles now in the roof up there I bought from Jay Gould in '59. Well, sir, I heard on the train before we reached here that Lee had hired a lot of men-lumbermen and the like—and had cantured the Gouldeboro tannery and had it fortified and barrieaded. There was probably \$30.000 worth of hides in the vats, and leather ready for market in the tannery and its buildings. I told Gould. His eyes kind o' glittered.

"We'll have to see about that,' he says.

"There was a man on the train who had a lot of kegs of oysters, and just before we got to this station Gould bought three of the kegs. I wondered what the dickens he wanted with three kegs of oysters, but said nothing. The first thing Gould did when he got out of the cars was to telegraph to Al Dubols to come up on the next train. I generally drove Gould to his tannery from the station, and I got up my team this time. I loaded the oysters in the wagon, and we started for the tannery. Gould stood well with the natives, and as we drove along he stopped every man we met and he told them how New York parties had come up to rob him of his property; how they had got armed possession of it, and that if they held it a certain time all his title would be lost, the business would go down, and the whole community suffer. The consequence was that he got everybody wild in his favor. He hadn't been half a day back from New York before he had a force of a hundred men ready to march be got everybody wild in his favor. He hadn't been half a day back from New York before he had a force of a hundred men ready to march be gainst Loe's at the tannery. They were armed with old guns, platols, fence stakes, and the like. I was a sort of Captain of the company, and found that our bost ammunition was a barrel of whiskey that Gould had provided. We had most fear of the special officers, buttithappened that Al Dubois knew them all. He took the oysters Gould had purchased, and, taking them to Brown Poster's Hotel at Gouldsboro, where Gould knew, as su

Gould boarded, he had them cooked, and invited the officers to an oyster suppor. Gould knew, as sure as you live, when he bought those oysters that they would come is good somewherty of stuff o wash their cysters down with, and when they were at the height of their festivities we brought our forces forward and propared for action. I marched them down toward the tannery. A short distance from it Gould met us. There was an empty store box standing on a knoll at that apot, and he mounted it and addressed his forces. The stump of the first tree and the could had chopped down with his own hands, stood near by. He referred to that, and pointed to it as he spoke.

"I built this tannery, he said, and I own it. I want possession of it. I want you men to use no unnecessary violence, and to act as mildly and peaceably as possible in your efforts to recapture it. But remember, boys, above all, that you must be sure and get the tannery. and the capture it. But remember, boys, above all, that you must be sure and get the tannery. I had a pack of hungry wolves. They soon battered in the barricaded doors and windows. Several shots were fired by both sides. A Franchman in Lee's non were quickly driven from the tannery, and Gould was again placed in possibles, and soores of men were arrested. They were all balled. Some ran way, and one man, Josh Buol, a teamstor for Gould, was softrightened that he left the country, and new borned and seasafras, and then gave myself up. I was released under bonds. Ike the rest of em, and that was the last we over heard of it.

"The tannery flight of Gould's led to no end of lawauits. He removed all it he last her work had a sassafras, and then gave myself up. I was released under bonds. Ike the rest of em, and that was the last we over heard of it.

"The tannery flight of Gould's led to no end of lawauits. He removed all it he last her property. Litigation and no returns from the business he had planned for years to have all hits region, and he was at last forced to give up. One day in the sorin

CANADA'S GREAT TROUBLES.

IS IT ANNEXATION OR INDEPENDENCE?

The Postilence in Montreal-Can the French and English be Rarmontsed-The Union with England no Longer a Useful Thing. OTTAWA, Oct. 2.-The death rate from small-pox increases and business stagnates more and more. The business men of Montreal find themselves indeed in a cruel situation—so cruel that the sympathies even of the rival city of Toronto are excited, spite of the fact that most of the business that Montreal is losing goes to Toronto. The Toronto Globe estimates at some millions what Montreal has lost through the epidemic, and asks if there is anything Toronto can do to share the burden. Probably there is nothing she can do. A money subscription would not be accepted, and Toens to ruin the prosperity of Montreal-the preponderance in her population of a class so backward educationally and socially as the French Canadiana.

These difficulties are causing every one here to think seriously what the future of this country is to be. Have we any clear prospect, people are asking, of working through our troubles? Can we bring the French Canadians into line with modern ideas? If not, can we provent them being a drag on the rest of the Dominion? No satisfactory answers are at present being given to these questions. The French Canadians are a peculiar people, and mean to remain so. They glory in baving a language which is not that of the continent, and in having separate laws and institutions which, by treaty, England is bound to respect. It is impossible, therefore, to see how the situation is going to be improved so long as our present institutions are maintained un-changed. Bir John Macdonald, who took the leading part in framing the Confederation act, made it his chief object to make the central power strong. He thought the framers of the United States Constitution had erred in leaving too much to the individual States; and he determined not to fall into the same mistake. The consequence is that he has made a central power which, through its control of the criminal law, of the railway system of the country. of such important subjects as marriage and divorce, and last but not least, of the main divorce, and last but not least, of the main source of revenue of the several provinces, makes itself felt throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion in a way to which the influence of the Federal Government in the United States affords no parallel. And its this central power, the Dominion Legislature and Government, that the French, by their votes in the House of Commons (a most preposterous name in a country like Canada,) to a large extent hold in thrail. It would be easy to eite examples of the injurious effect of the French vote upon legislation, but space does not permit it on the present occasion. Suffice it to say that French ideas are not meroly dominant in a single province, as with you Mormon ideas are dominant in a single Territory; they are intrenched in the very centre of our whole political system, and more or less control all the movements of the governmental machine. Could Matthew Arnold be induced to study the political institutions of Canada—a thing that no Englishman of any note has ever thought it worth his while to do—he certainly would not congratulato us upon their "suitableness." He would see that efforts had been made to mattern this country upon an Old World model. He would ask what in the world a Canadian "House of Commons" meant. He would want to know seeing we had Commons, where were our Lords. When he also had been introduced to our Senantin in the world want to know seeing we had Commons, where were our Lords. Whom he lad been introduced to our Senantin in the world wonder at the simplicity and long suffering of the Canadian people in maintaining and paying for such an institution. When he saw our Federal Legislature elected once in fluence, and so ties up the constituencies that they can hardly do anything eless that they can be promited to pr ource of revenue of the several provinces, makes itself felt throughout the length and

effective incorporation with some great State the people of Canada cannot rest content with anything loss than complete independence. The growth of this sentiment is clearly manifested in the changed tone of the press in dear twelve years ago the Toronto Globe, the naper which has probably the best right to the title of our leading journal, attacked with the utmost rancer any one who so much as breathed the word independence in connection with the political relations of Canada; and it poured out the vinis of its foreest wrath upon Mr. Goldwin Smith, because his writings at the time pointed in that direction. It said distinctly and emphasizedly that the subject was not alegitimate who was unused to make a minimal that the subject was not a legitimate who was unused to read the wind of the mental that the subject was not a legitimate of the word over his eyes as a proliminary reply. To-day the same paper is strenuous in asserting that there should be perfect freedom of discussion on this question, and that Canadians should hold themselves free to decide the question with a view simply to their own interests. Several other widely circulated papers express the same opinions, notably the Montreal Star. In this: that they gain no substantial advantage from the present union with the mother country, while they are seriously hampered by it in their trade relations. England belongs to the European system, or family of nations. Canada does not; and Canada does not want to be dragged through they nominal union with England, into European compilications. It is all wor well to say, as some do, that in these days of rapid travel the distance between London and Edinburgh in the beginning of the century. All the same, there is something in the breadth of the Atlantle to which Horace's epithet of "dissociable" remains and will remain applicable, and we feel that our true home and centre is not yonder, but there, canadians are realizing, too, as I have already hinteed, that their institutions have not developed freely according

would out the confederacy—it a confederacy we tried to have—in two. I don't know whether Sir John Macdonald had this difficulty in view or not but a couple of years are he said, referring to some independence projects, that between independence and annexation, he would prefer annexation. The sentiment has often been quoted since, and has probably had a good deal of influence on the public mind. The fact is that the "independents," while loath to forego their idea, are apt to be nonplussed when asked how they would propose to hold an independent Canada together. In the maritime provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, there is already a strong and avowed annexation feeling. It does not seem to be in the least likely that they would consent to be governed from Ottawa, if all pressura from the home authorities were removed. They would be almost certain either to from a confederacy by themselves, and snap their fingers at Canada, or seek incorporation in the American Union. With the maritime provinces cut off, the province of Ontario would never dream of undertaking the task of discovering a modiss vicendi with the French of Lower Canada. That was pronounced hopeless in 1864 and it is even more hopeless to discovering a modiss vicendi with the French of Lower Canada. That was pronounced hopeless in 1864 and it is even more hopeless to do the British North America act and the influence silently exerted by the Government of the Empire, and there would be a breaking away, too, in that quarter, Of course there may be no doubt there are, sangulne advocates of independence who would make light of all these difficulties, or, at least, who would profess to see a way out of them; but the majority of practical men see no hope for the permanence of an independent canadian. State. The question, then is: How long will the present colonial its less? There are, of course some atrong influences at work for its maintenance. There was a time when the home Government would have been rather giad to see Canada r

## EXCLUSIVE PUGILISM.

Times Changed Since Tom Sayers's Challenge to "Any Man in the World, Bar None."

"Blawst me heyes, 'ere's a pretty go!" exclaimed an old-time English fighter the other day, as he laid down his paper. "Ere's Me-Burke's challenge because 'e don't consider 'im in 'is clawss. Wot clawss is that, Ili wonder. Hin my day the test of championship was the willin'ness to foight ball comers. 'Hopen to foight hany man hin the world, bar none, was the way Tom Sayers put it in 'is bills wen

was a-sparrin' through the provinces. "Sullivan is just as bad, too. A few years age, wen they was talkin' o' matchin' Thomp-son agin 'im, 'e said 'e would foight 'im if 'e was a white man, but not if 'e was a black. Hi'm told 'e was a long tolme makin' hup 'is mind about going hup agin 'Erbert Slade be cause 'e was an 'awf breed. That wasn't the way Tom Cribb did. 'E fought Molinix, the black, twice, an' gave 'im a hawful 'lding. Bill Richmond, hanother dark un, found plenty good uns willin' to foight 'im, 'an so did Bob Travers.

"But I wonder wot McCaffrey 'as done 'as 'c should hout clawss Burke. 'E bested Cleary. so did Burke. 'E made the most points ho Mitchell. Burke has fought Charley four times, an' 'as shown 'imself to be fully 'is equal. Mitchell wouldn't 'ave Alf Greenfield at any price. Burke fought a draw with 'im. an' it was a good fight, too. McCaffrey insted Sullivan six rounds an' wasn't knocked hout. Burke did the same for four. It seems to me that 'e's just in McCaffrey's clawss."

When spoken to on this subject McCaffrey said: "I have had the hardest time of any young fellow getting recognition as a fighter. When Burke first came to this country I was one of the first to call on him and take him by he hand. I asked him in the way of business what he had come here for. He said to fight Mitchell more especially, but he was open for any one else excepting Sullivan. I replied. We're both in the one boat; why not give me a We're both in the one boat; why het give me a chance? I'll fight you for a share of the gate money, for all of it, or for a stake. He said he would tak to his backer Webb about it. The night that Sullivan was so sick through drankenness that he couldn't meet Mitchell in Madison Square Garden you remember I offered to take his place and fight Mitchell for him, Mitchell wouldn't light me then, and Al Smith, who was Sullivan's manager, anxious to give the people something for their money, offered to give a purse of \$700 for a fight between Burke and myself, Billy O'Brien and I thought thems a pudding and we started through the to give a purse of \$700 for a fight between Burke and myself. Billy O'Brien and I thought it was a pudding, and we started through the hall to hunt Burke up. We heard he was in the gallery, and when near the entrance we saw him and Webb making for the door. Webb was the nearest to me, I caught him by the lapel of the coat and said: Where are you going? Don't you know there's \$700 offered for a go between Burke and myself? He appeared confused and muttered something about Burke not having his fighting dress. I answered. Get him and let's have a fight for the money. I started for the dressing rooms, but Webb did not bring Burke. The last I saw of him he was going out the Madison awenue door. I don't say that he was running away, but he appeared to have an urgent engagement somewhere elsa.

"I had almost to beg Mitchell to fight me. He told me with the utmost confidence that every one know that he could lick me so readily that no one would pay to see him do it. I had to agree to pay him \$1,200, win or lose before he would consent to fight me. Greatly to his surprise, people did pay to see me meet him, and, as I took all the roceipts. I made as much money as he did, too.

"I freely confess that I am not fond of fighting, Neither Burke nor Mitchell treated me with common courtesy, and I don't feel that I am under any obligations whatever. I am extremely desirous of meeting Sullivan to a finish, either with small gloves or naked fists. He is the phenomenal pugitist of the world, and the man who beats him has only to shew himself through the country to make a fortune. I think I can do it. I certainly am willing to try, and to these who think I am not sincere in my belief I have only to say that I will back myself with my own money, and unless knocked senseless I will die at his feetbefore I will give in. I may he had the toward at his less the fere I hat I kild in wars but I will give in. I may

those who think I am not sincere in my belief I have only to say that I will back myself with my own money, and unless knocked senseless I will die at his feet before I will give in. I may be but a kid in years, but I know my business, and I won't be diverted from my purposa.

"The reason I am so anxious to fight Paddy Ryan is because he was the champion before Suiliyan. He claims that he was out of condition when Suiliyan whipped him at New Orleans, A great many people still have faith in him, I challenged him when we were both in Bonver, but he refused to meet me until he had met Suiliyan. Well, he has since met Suiliyan for thirty-four seconds, and he is quite act up over it. Last summer I sparred with Denny Kellsher at a picule given near Troy for the benefit of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Ryan was the referse, and I think his manner to me that day was far from what it should have been. I don't think he can whip one side of Suiliyan, and I feel sure that I will have no difficulty in convincing him that I am his master pugilistically. Then if I defeat him Suiliyan will be compelled to meet me again. So you see I want to meet Ityan merely as a stepping stone to my great ambition."

As Paddy affects to hold McCaffrey's pretensions in utter contempt, it would seem that there ought not to be any great difficulty in

want to meet Ryan merely as a stepping stone to my great ambition."

As Paddy affects to hold McCaffrey's pretensions in utter contempt, it would seem that there ought not to be any great difficulty in bringing Dominiek and him together.

It is whispored among the boys that Sullivan, before starting on his tour with the ministres, not only reimbursed Jerry Dunn for his outlay in arranging the match between him and Paddy Ryan, but gave him a neat little borus besides. Whatever may be said of the faults of the champion, and they are many, it cannot be justly affirmed that he is at all niggardly, when in funds, in settling all just claims against him. Magisterial interference prevented Jack Burke and John P. Clow, the champion of Colorado, from slugging each other to a conclusion on Thursday night at Denver. The Sheriff declared he would arrest them if a knock-out blow was given, mid would only permit six-ounce gloves to be worn. Under these conditions Burke had a great advantage, and in the four rounds that were sparred did protty much as he pleased with Clow. Clow. By the way, was beaten by McCaffrey two or three years ago, after a very hard fought battle. Burke, in all probability, would have had by far the best of him had no restrictions been placed on them.

By the way, unless the police cease this opposition to glove fights, pugilism will soon be one of the lost arts in this country. People will not pay to see sparring matches. They will flock by thousands to genuine contests, but they do not care a sou marquee for mere sparring matches. No mock turtle will do. This is hard on the lads wot love a milk but there seems to be little hope for them outside of Mczico. There the boys can fight to their hearts content without lears of molestation. They used to invade Canada but the Dominion is no longer as available as formerly. "On to Mexico" will have to be the watchword of the champions.

SPENT A DAY AT THE RACES. TARIED EXPERIENCE OF A NOTICE.

What he Thought he Would Find and What

be Found-Making the Acquaintance of the Bookmakers-Giving the Tip to an Enday. "I went to the races for the first time in my life at the opening of the fall meeting at Jerome Park the other day," said the junior partner in a big dry goods house in White street a few days ago. "There is a popular impression that all New York goes to the races, but it isn't so at all, and I'd wager a horse any time that the majority of New Yorkers are as ignorant of racing as I was before that Saturday. I have been in business in this city for eighteen years, have been around a good deal, and am, I fancy, about as wide awake as the majority of men at my age. Still. I had never been to the races. Of course, I had talked races as everybody does, but it was in a careess way, without having any particular knowl-

edge of the sport. "A friend of mine, who has a cart and a team of horses with lots of go, discovered the fact that I had never seen Jerome Park, and we agreed to go together. I didn't want to bet heavily, so I only took a hundred with me. Saturday was a beautiful day, you know, and I did things up in what I take to be the popular style-wore a check suit, you know, with a Derby hat, and a pair of field glasses slung over my shoulders, light overgalters and gloves, and a betting book, with a pencil attached, sticking out of my breast pocket. The book looked rather new, but I'm quite sure I didn't; and when my friend drove up to the house with as much clatter as a milk wagon makes in the early hours of the morning, I walked out with the conclousness and complacency of a man who knows he is properly dressed for the occasion.
"We started up the road, and I began to look

for the whirling throng. I havn't yet found out where it was that day, but I'm sock sure we couldn't find it. All my life I've seen pictures of 'the opening day at Jerome Park' in the Illustrated papers, and have been so accustomed to the pictures of Derby day in the English periodicals that I thought we would drive up to the park in a perfect crush of vehicles. I expected drags of every description, carts, dog carts, village carts, gigs, sulkles, family carriages, express wagons filled with sports, buggles with grocery clerks wearing big bouquets on their breasts, and a sort of going-to-the-races expression on their faces. and the old gray-headed cadger with the fast horse tied up in red flannel, obscured by blinders, and wearing a crest-fallen expression.

"To begin with, we didn't see a solitary drag on the way up, and the stretch of road between Central Park and the Harlem River was not dotted by more than a dozen vehicles as we came along it. I thought something was wrong-could not believe that it could be the real fall opening at Jerome, and my friend and I talked it over. He said he thought we must be a little early, and so we stopped at Judge Smith's for a bite of luncheon. Then we went on up the deserted road until we reached Jorome Park. We got there five minutes late, had a great time fumbling in our pockets for money-these red English gloves are fashionable enough, but they're very difficult to manage, you know-and finally entered the grounds and faced the back of the grand stand and the faces of half a hundred howling negrees. When we got down to the ground the negroes made a set for us. Two of them got at me, and brushed all the mud off of my clothes and hat before I knew what they were about. As I had purposely accumulated the mud, to prove that I had driven up instead of going up on the train, I tried to get away, but it was too

prove that I had driven up Instead of going up on the train, I tried to get away, but it was too late. However, we went through the grand stand and out on the stretch.

"Here there was a crowd, and, great Scott, what a crowd it was! I never suffered a more agute disappointment than I did when I glanced over that mob. I had always had an idea that race goers were light, cheery, gay, well dressed and picturesque. All along the grand stand, and in the bookmakers' enclosure, stood men whose faces had become familiar to me from my long residence in New York. Faces that that I have seen about the Brower House and in the neighborhood of down-town pool rooms were numerous. Lots of the men were ragged of at least poorly clothed. Occasionally a well-known theatrical man would push his way along, or a sleek bartender or young clerk, whose face I remembered, would nod harriedly as he passed. There were gray-whiskered, tobacco-chewing, and profane old men with big wads of money, and negroes and stablemen pushed their way about as though they owned the place. The grand stand was a mass of cigar butts, and the incongruous mob sat shoulder to shoulder along the backs of the scats, and swopped opinions suriliy and solemniy. The whole place was indescribably gloomy to a man who had expected to witness a bright scene. There did not seem to be any element of sport in it; it was all a dead gamblo, and a determined effort to make meney." What did you think of the feminine part of

to make money."
"What did you think of the feminine part of What did you think of the feminine part of the crowit?"

Weil, "with a gasp, "that was by far the worst of all. The men were bad enough, but may my lucky fates deliver me from ever looking at the women again. Of course I would not so the of the the women again. Of course I would not so the of the the women were big, course, overdressed, and brazen creatures, who apparently chatted with men indiscriminately, and whose faces showed decided marks of dissipation. There was one quartot of women who sat in the front row of the grand stand, and not one of whom weighed less than 200 pounds. The biggest one of all was attired in fiaming red satin, with big hat, gioves, and parasol to match. Next to her was a study in yellow, of similar proportions, and almost equal rotundity. These two women bet on every race, and they were so much interest on every race, and they were so much interest on the same study in yellow, of similar proportions, and almost equal rotundity. These two somen bet on every race, and they were so much interest on the same strips, and interest with the heat, and seemingly not knowing enough to move into the shade. They were attended by a slim young man, who were alow hat, green overgaiters, and a threadcare cont. He ran to and from the bookmakers's stand and invested their money. Many of the other women were of the same stripe, and nearly all of them gambled on the races, "There are aristocrats and commoners at Jerome, you know. The aristocrats were across their ack, clustored about the club house, and they corridant of the park. There were a few private carriages, and the parks. There were a few private carriages, and the parks of the same stripe, and meanly all of them gambled on the races and they much as though they had been brought over bodility from English race courses, as I have seen them plettered. That morning, before I drove out to the track, I took all the sporting and daily papers, and carefully clipped out the racing news. I read everything very carefully, and I thought I had the borses

chart and the proposed of the

bank bills, in a desk at one end of his store, and locked the desk. When he went to the desk some hours later he was surprised to discover that he had loft the key sticking in the lock. He opened the desk. The wallet was gone. Gibson at once suspected a certain farmer who was present at the sale, and who bears a questionable character, of stealing the money, and he had a watch sot on the man.

Botween I and 2 o'clock on Monday morning last, farmer Coorrod and his family were aroused by a loud knocking at their door and loud cries of fire. They hurried out of the house. Two young men, James Fry and James Calbreath, had aroused them. A barn belonging to Coorrod was on fire. The two young men said they had been to Perrysville to a party, and had discovered the fire while on their way home. One of Coorrod's sons had been to the same party, and had returned home an hour before, and had put up his horse in the barn. Before any of the neighboring farmers, who lived from a mile to two miles away, arrived on the spot, the barn was burned to the ground. James Calligan arrived on the scone twenty minutes after the Coorrod family were aroused, and remained working at the fire a long time.

Toward noon on Monday Coorrod went to his trunk to take out some money, and on opening it found that every dollar it had contained over \$3.700, was gone. The money had evidently been stolen during the excitement attending the fire.

When Joshua Gibson, the Perrysville grocer, went to open his store early on Monday morning he found a package, lying on the doorstep.

attending the fire.

When Joshua Gibson, the Perrysville grocer, went to open his store early on Monday morning he found a package lying on the doorstep. He opened it, and found that it contained his missing wallet, with the \$1,500 that had been stolen with it. There was nothing to give the slightest indication as to how the wallet had been left where it was found, and as profound as mystery surrounds the trunk robbery at Coonrod's. While Gibson believes that his suspicions as to who stole his wallet from the desk were correct, and that the their quietly returned the money when he discovered that he was suspected. Coonrod formed an entirely different theory of his own, and publicly declared that he believed James Calligan rotbed Gibson's deak of the \$1,500, and with the monsy was able to pay the Coonrod mortgage. Knowing of Coonrod's disposition of the monsy, Calligan then laid his plans to steal it back. A part of his plan was the firing of the barn, hoping that this would give him the opportunity to rob the trunk, which it did. Then finding that he had more money than he expected to have, he returned Gibson's \$1,500 the same night.

Calligan proved at once that he had borrowed \$1,400 of Wm, Crary on another mortgage, and \$350 of another person, with which he paid Coonrod. This, together with the fact that he has always borne an unimpeachable character, creates a general impression that Cooprod's theory is groundless, and deepens the mystery surrounding the singular case.

## HE SAW JACKSON'S VICTORY.

Interesting Experiences of an Aged Citizen

HONESDALE, Pa., Oct. 1.-Mathias Mor gridge, aged 87, an eccentric citizen of Man-chester township, this county, died a few days ago on the farm where he had lived for sixted five years. He was born in England. In 1812 he ran away from home and entered the Brit-ish navy. He was "powder monkey" on one of the vessels which came to America with the British soldiers who took part in the war of 1812. The vessel he was on took Gen. Pakenham's forces to New Orleans and lay in the harbor during the progress of the battle. After the defeat of the British the vessel took what was left of Pakenham's soldiers back to England. Morgridge remained in the British navy, and in 1817 was a sailor on the North-umberland, which accompanied Bonaparte to St. Helena. In 1820 Morgridge came to America and settled on the spot where he died, which was then an unbroken whiterness. The deceased was noted for his remarkable conversational powers and the loudness of his voice, which he could make heard with apparent case a quarter of a mile away, and for hours at a stretch. His fund of stories was never exhausted, and it was his boast that he never told one story twice, and that no one ever heard any of the stories he told before they heard them from him. He was at one time Justice of the Peace. While holding the office he was appointed Postmaster. An envious neighbor had him indicted for holding two offices of profit and trust at the same time, in violation of the law. His defence was that neither office was one of profit, and the only trust there was in either was in the Postmastership, for he had trusted everyholy for stamps that had asked him. He was acquitted of the charge. A few years ago Morgridge suddenly took a notion to cease taking as a pastime and take to reading. Since then he had read almost constantly, from mercing until night, devouring the contents of books, magazines, newspapers, pamphlets, and everything and anything that came in his way. He died from the effects of old age, with a newspaper in his hand. In obedience to his last request, he was buried by the side of his wife at precisely noon the day atter he died without ceremony or service of any kind. He leaves sixty living descendants, children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. harbor during the progress of the battle. After the defeat of the British the vessel took what